UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Anna Louise Strong Writes from Russia

A New Revival - - - - - - *An Editorial*

Why Not Universal Wealth?
- - - - - - - - - - *Franklin K. Gifford*

Coal and Calico - - - - *Harold P. Marley*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Conference on Civil Liberties Under the New Deal

Washington, D. C., Dec. 8 and 9

Under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union and Co-operating Organizations

The Facts

The huge increase in the power of the federal government under New Deal policies has aroused both hope and fear—hope that the federal government will correct long-standing abuses; fear that it will act as dictator over all the great means of communication — r a d i o, press, movies—and over the relations of capital and labor.

Confusion in the labor policy of the administration is evident on every hand, with promises unfulfilled, employers resisting the government decisions, and with a record of violence against strikers unparalleled in recent years. Company unions have grown like mushrooms. Federal boards of mediation or arbitration recognize them as bargaining agents for workers. Curtailment of the right to strike is obviously involved in the many governmental methods to arbitrate conflict. Not in years have issues of civil liberty in industrial struggles been so sharp, so widespread, so bitterly fought as in the year and a half of the New Deal.

While the struggle between capital and labor is the most vital application of the principle of civil liberty, other aspects of freedom of agitation are profoundly affected by New Deal policies. During the year an uproar has been created in the press over the alleged censorship of newspapers through the press code. Attacks on the Administration for alleged pressure in denying critics access to the radio have been loud. Federal censorship of movies is seen in the industry's code. All these controls over the chief means of communication have been attacked by both conservatives and radicals as threats to the freedom of press, freedom of the air and freedom of expression.

Censorship of course is an inescapable power of government, despite constitutional guarantees. The law has long permitted effective censorship by the post-office over the

(*Continued on page* 139)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1934 Number 7

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

George Washington Wrote:

To the Clergy of Different Denominations Residing in and Near Philadelphia

Believing as I do, that religion and morality are the essential pillars of civil society, I view, with unspeakable pleasure, that harmony and brotherly love, which characterizes the . . . different denominations.—(1797).

To the Roman Catholics in the United States

I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality.—(1789).

To the Hebrew Congregation in Newport, Rhode Island

It is now no more that toleration is spoken of, as if it was by the indulgence of one class of people, that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent natural rights. For happily the Government of the United States gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance.

The more we ponder the recent election, the more we feel that it is superficial to interpret the results as an endorsement of the Democratic Party, or even as a victory for Mr. Roosevelt. That the Democrats are in the political saddle more firmly than ever, and that the President is unprecedentedly popular, are obvious. But deeper than these facts, which under certain circumstances might change overnight, is the fact that this late election marks a swing to the left, which is amazing. Whether we like it or not, the voters have gone radical! For these voters didn't elect Democrats to the exclusion of Republicans, nor Rooseveltians to the exclusion of anti-Rooseveltians. Rather did they elect radicals, or progressives, of any party, to the exclusion of reactionaries. Thus, in an election described as a tidal sweep for the Democratic Party, the four-term conservative Democratic Governor Ritchie was defeated in Maryland by a Republican more friendly to the new social forces of the day. In both Wisconsin and Minnesota, the Democrats were beaten by parties further to the left. In North Dakota, Senator Frazier, progressive Republican, beat his Democratic opponent. And in New Mexico, the progressive Senator Cutting, definitely opposed by the President, carried the day for the Republican ticket. Most of the Democratic victories, also, were radical victories. This election was a mandate to go left, young man, go left. That Mr. Roosevelt will heed this mandate we are certain. Surely the time has come when he must drop emergency action of the AAA and NRA type, always ineffective and now hopelessly discredited (see below!), and turn definitely and finally to the formulation and enactment of a great social program, something after the pattern of the Lloyd George reforms in the pre-War days of the Asquith ministry, only more so. There is danger in this post-election situation, no doubt about that —danger of inflation, bonus legislation, and other wild-eyed schemes. But we must trust and sustain the President in blocking these proposals, while leading the way in the great crusade for a new and better social order.

As the dust of battle drifts away in California, the more extraordinary seems the achievement of Upton Sinclair. Defeated, yes! But master still of the Democratic Party in that state, and leader of hundreds of thousands of voters who, now thoroughly aroused, will not be still until California has at last been wrested from the control of the political fascists who hold the seats of power! What Sinclair did in one year was to shake the state with an earthquake mightier than that which toppled the towers of San Francisco a generation ago. Starting from nothing and nowhere, he captured the Democratic primaries, and then conducted a campaign for office which aroused such forces of opposition as few men have ever faced in this nation's history. Indeed, the methods used in defeating Sinclair were perhaps unprecedented in terms of sheer wickedness and villainy. Every crime but murder was shamelessly resorted to. Falsehood, forgery, libel, slander, character-assassination, all played their part. The legions of hell were let loose upon this man. And, for the time being, they accomplished their aim. But democracy, thus defamed and betrayed, is either dead in California, or, still alive, is destined, like "truth crushed to earth," to "rise again" and smite with destruction the hosts of evil. Our own belief is that Upton Sinclair has just begun his work—that the forces released in this campaign are destined to live on, until, like a vast ferment, they engulf the state and perhaps the nation. In saying this, we are not endorsing the exact details of the Epic program. We are thinking rather of that liberal, or rather radical, conviction which is today sweeping into oblivion the conservative elements of the nation's life, and vaguely, gropingly, but none the less determinedly, demanding a new statesmanship for a new age. Where we are going, we do not know—except

that we are *not* going back to the ancient and dead days prior to 1929.

What the present situation is with the New Deal has been presented, without mincing of words or dodging of facts, by Mr. John T. Flynn in the November issue of *Common Sense*. We commend this statement to our readers if only because it is so utterly impossible to get the truth in the daily press. Even newspapers like the New York *Herald-Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune*, bitterly opposed to the administration's policies, do not dare to disclose the real condition of affairs; for the sake of their own business and their advertisers' business, they must cover things up in a cloud of ballyhoo. But Mr. Flynn has no interest to serve except reality, and he shows a New Deal in complete and ignominous collapse.

As a recovery effort (says Mr. Flynn), the New Deal must be called thus far a complete failure. The capital goods industries are at their lowest ebb. Unemployment is steadily mounting. To the question, "Are we recovering?" the answer must be those 5,000,000 families on the relief rolls—20,000,000 people—the largest number since the depression began.

Working out a chart of business conditions, Mr. Flynn shows that all exact evidence puts the index of business activity as of November 1, 1934, at exactly where it stood on New Year's Day, 1933, a point located in the bottommost pit of the Hoover debacle. A year and eight months of energy, bold experimentation, and vast expenditure has gotten us exactly nowhere at all! That the President himself is disheartened, even frightened, is manifest from a hundred different signs. His pre-election swing to the right was a most disquieting symptom of inner disturbance, all the more as it was exacted by no political emergency of any kind. The country was with him! But this way destruction lies. The very failure of the New Deal is due to nothing so much as its fundamental folly in attempting, both agriculturally and industrially, to revamp a broken-down capitalistic system on the basis of a scarcity, high price, and profit-making economy. We cannot believe, Mr. President, that this is your real program. You must see that there is no salvation for the nation, nor for yourself, except in radical reform to the end of a new order of society.

Has there ever been an administration in which the Cabinet was so insignificant? There are Cabinet members, of course, who are anything but insignificant. But the Cabinet as a body apparently has no existence. We wonder how often it meets! What we have in Washington are individuals grouped about the President according to his need, or mere caprice. Some of these individuals are Cabinet officers—Secretary Ickes, Secretary Perkins, Secretary Wallace—but this apparently is only an accident. For many other individuals, of immense power and influence, have no connection of any kind with the President's official group of advisers. General Johnson, for example, who was more conspicuous in his day than any man in Washington except Mr. Roosevelt himself, was not a Cabinet member. Mr. Richberg, familiarly called "Assistant President," is not in the Cabinet. Professor Tugwell, nearest adviser to the White House, for months held so small a position that a special office of undersecretary was created for him, that he might not be wholly an outsider. As for Mr. Howe, the Col. House of this administration, who lives with the President, we are not aware that he holds any official position at all. Balancing these are Cabinet officers so obscure that we have to remind ourselves of their names and posts. The premier of the government, for example, Secretary of State Hull—what share does he have in what is going on? In all our days we cannot remember a Secretary of State so ignominiously planted in a corner to play with his toys while the work of the household is done elsewhere and by others. Mr. Dern—who knows who he is, or ever hears of him? He arrived at the Chicago Fair, during the summer, only to find himself entirely unexpected and practically unrecognized. Mr. Swanson is another case in point—how the Secretary of the Navy must wish he was back in Congress, where he amounted to something! As for Mr. Roper, it is perhaps inevitable that he should be more or less lost, for when there is no commerce, what is the Secretary of Commerce to do? (If we have misnamed any of these men, or assigned them to the wrong offices, we hope our readers will forgive us, as it is so long since we have heard of them that we hardly are sure even whether they are living or dead!) No, the Cabinet is disappearing. What this means the future only can tell.

J. Ramsay MacDonald supporting the Sedition Bill recently passed by the House of Commons presented a pathetic spectacle. When extracts were read in the House from his letters and speeches during the war period (1914-1918), when he was himself doing things which would be punished as sedition under his proposed Bill, the tortured old man could only rave at his former friends, and then sink into sullen silence. Alas for the man who betrays his cause, and therewith his own soul! It is interesting to compare, from this standpoint, the career of MacDonald with that of Gladstone. What a contrast in moral values! Gladstone, a brilliant young Oxonian, began as rank Tory, and grew all his life in free and radical opinion until, in his great old age, he stood, like a magnificent lion, as the leader of the extreme left of English Liberalism. MacDonald, a brilliant young laborer, began as an ardent Socialist, maintained his cause heroically in the dread days of the War, then slowly but surely sank into a conservatism which suddenly, in 1931, col-

lapsed into black reactionism, until now, in his pitiful old age, he stands, like a snarling hyena, as the leader of all the devouring forces of exploitation and tyranny in the Kingdom. Both men split their parties—but whereas Gladstone split the Liberal Party because he insisted upon leading it on to positions too far in advance for many of its members to reach, MacDonald dismembered the Labor Party because he insisted upon dragging it back into the conservative strongholds which he had been attacking all his life. Gladstone and MacDonald were both superb specimens of manhood—handsome as gods, eloquent as oracles, endowed with every gift of personal power; but whereas the former grew only the more glorious in energy and grandeur as the years winged their flight, the latter has steadily declined into the tragic impotency of a broken body and an embittered mind. Nature has a way of punishing us—and rewarding us! Gladstone made his terrible mistakes, but he always "marched breast forward" toward the light. MacDonald was guilty of the great betrayal, and thus falls and fades into darkness. "What doth it profit a man . . ." indeed?

It is by now clearly evident that Hitler has been beaten by the rebellious Protestant churches of the Reich. The decisive moment came when der Fuehrer announced the withdrawal of government support from the Reich Bishop and the (Nazi) German Christian regime, and his willingness to let the Evangelical Church go its way and thus conduct its own affairs without interference from the state. This moment was preceded by the fall of Dr. August Jaeger, Hitler's right hand in his attempt to dictate to the churches, and was followed by the restoration of the two South German Bishops, Hans Meisser and Theophil Wurm, who had been deposed for disobedience to the Reich Bishop, Mueller. That a complete and final victory has not yet been won is shown by the renewed conflicts which speedily broke out, and by Hitler's statement that he has reserved decision, with the idea, as he puts it of letting events take their course. But the Protestant pastors and their devoted communicants, who have been fighting Hitler all these months, had ample cause for holding their jubilation meetings in celebration of their triumph. The significance of this event is to be found in the fact that Hitler is now shown to be not invincible. He can be resisted and beaten down by those not afraid to defy him. For a time he swept everybody and everything before him—Communists, Social Democrats, Centerists, trades unions, Masonic lodges, youth societies, the universities. Then he attempted to lay his hands upon the churches—and suddenly he found himself facing men who were not afraid. For over a year, now, the Protestants have fought their fight. Bishops have been deposed, pastors silenced, assaulted and imprisoned, churches closed, and congregations threatened. But these sons of Luther have stood their ground, daring the tyrant to do his worst—and now they have their reward! That these churches, thus victorious, may prove to be a rallying center of revolt against the Nazi regime is to be hoped, but hardly perhaps expected. They have opposed the government in their own interest, and not in repudiation of any of the public offenses of Hitler's rule. There was no protest even against the anti-Semitic outbreak until the so-called Aryan Paragraph carried the issue straight into the churches themselves! But this victory has given religion enormous prestige, and it may well prove to be the beginning of the end.

The recrudescence of gambling is an interesting phenomenon of this age. Everything seems to be crashing about us—moral standards as well as political governments and economic systems. Generations of struggle for decency and good taste are now strewn to ruin before the seething blast of a vulgarity that used to be confined to the scrawlings on the backs of barns and the walls of comfort stations, but now is spread openly in books and pictures. A century of battle for temperance was lost in the sudden refusal of a people to measure themselves up to the exactions of a society cleansed of drunkenness and debauchery. And now the long, slow progress of the fight against the insidious corruptions of gambling threatens to be hurled back in sudden and disastrous retreat. Betting at horse races, for example, is with us again in full flower. We can remember when this betting business at the race track had become so loathesome and dangerous a thing that Governor Hughes of New York, led a great crusade for its abolition, and a whole state rose up to follow him to victory. Now all that was done in that campaign has been undone, as the flood-tide ebbs beyond the dirty mud-flats of legalized vice. In the same way the lottery is again rearing its ugly head. New York City, hard driven for funds has actually got a reform administration seriously thinking of establishing a municipal lottery for the raising of money for poor relief. It is characteristic of the moral standards of those behind the scheme that they are plotting and planning to disguise the lottery in such way as to evade a state Constitution which definitely forbids it. The tragedy of these doings is their disclosure of the fact that man learns nothing from experience. There is nothing new to be discovered about this gambling business. We have tried it again and again, and know exactly what it means. All over the historical records is written the story of what gambling does to the individual and to society—the cancer-like disease of corruption and decay which it implants in the vitals of civilization. But we forget.

or ignore, or deny—thinking that we can escape what has inexorably doomed those before us. For there is the fact of law—moral law, as well as physical law—in this universe of ours. To legalize gambling is like jumping off a high building—there can only come a smash in the end!

A New Revival*

If the world is really in for a religious awakening, it is high time for us to know by what means the change will come. The one conspicuous effort at the planetary business of setting individuals and nations in order is the Oxford Group Movement, and that amazing band of crusader-itinerants has been so much abused by both friend and foe, the ordinary layman has little sense of what it is about.

When Canon B. H. Streeter said this summer that it was the "most important movement in the world today," he impelled many persons who had taken only a casual interest in the group's activities to get to the heart, brain and soul of the adventure which has now emerged from its second stage and taken its place among the genuine spiritual forces of modern times.

One of the marks of earlier revivals was the intense, almost exclusive individual emphasis. Another was the mass movement to convert the single person. In the Oxford Group there are no emotional appeals by high-powered evangelists in meetings theatrically set up for swaying one soul by the psychology of the mob about him. There is quiet witnessing by people of good manners from all stations of life, but never an appeal in the old style. The real work is done by a simple rule which is borrowed from the disciples of Jesus.

A member of the group seeks out a person who is in need of religion, either by his own admission or by the reputation he bears. The process of "sharing," that is, confessing, between two persons, is the way of bringing the individual into a changed life by "surrender to God." But here the similarity between the familiar revival and the Oxford Group Movement ends. Nobody is changed—in the older lingo, converted—who does not become a life-changer. He is not in full standing as a grouper until in apostolic zeal he sets the world steadfastly before him and makes revolutionary change in it his daily and bounden duty. That was not a characteristic of the evangelists, from the days of Wesley and Edwards down to the decadent breed of these times.

Of course, there were social consequences of conversion, but never any clear-cut plans for revolution over the whole world such as the Oxford Group Movement makes its unremitting objective and ultimate goal. That does not mean they patter vague generalities. Their purpose is as radical and explicit as that of the left-wing reformers in and out of the churches. They make their standard Christ, and his teaching reaches into every salient of life—economic, political, international, industrial, professional, educational, and most of all personal in the sense of pulling a man together and making him an integrated being in harmony with himself in all his parts.

The Oxford Group has suffered many criticisms, as it should, for some persons have spoken for it without gumption or authority. As in any free cause, where one can say what one wishes without let or hindrance, there has been a deal of vocal and actual folly and worse in the name of the group, just as there is in the name of every denomination in Christendom. But a steady purging out of the zealous incompetents, on the one hand, and a widening grasp of the gospel in its social application, on the other hand, makes the movement today worthy of great respect.

If one doubts it, at least one should make a deep inquiry into its methods and beliefs; that will fully requite the efforts of any person who is concerned for the spiritual change needed in a distraught world.

For those whose theological standpoint is liberal, there are beliefs in the Oxford Group Movement which will not go down. Their explanation of "guidance," for instance, is exceedingly orthodox after the most conservative pattern of theology. God is a Person who does everything to the least detail for those who wait in a quiet time for his leading. But some kind of guidance is a fact in every life, and nobody can prove what is the right doctrine in this matter. The main thing is to be guided to the best one can find and get on one's way. The difficulty here is not with the group but with Christians who no longer take seriously this central theistic doctrine which they profess.

Doctrine is important, but right action is more important. The Oxford Group Movement wants to get something done. Here is no fundamentalist pietism but action in a fellowship of kindred minds for a world revolution on spiritual principles. One who can see through the eccentricities of some of its followers to the centre of the movement will find that no matter what doctrinal beliefs one holds, there is a deep and sympathetic appreciation in the Oxford Group toward the purposes of good men of all faith throughout the world.

*The author of this editorial is a member of UNITY's Editorial board. —J. H. H.

Jottings

We now know that anything in this world can happen. Miracles are possible. Our evidence? The New York *Times,* in the late election, endorsed a Socialist candidate for Congress!

We have never been able to make up our mind about Gertrude Stein. When we are honest with ourself, we are tempted to think her an unmitigated fraud; when we are in an easy-going and good-natured mood, we find ourself speculating as to whether she is not an ordinary fool. Her lectures on her present tour of this country leave us still oscillating between these two surmises. Of one thing only are we sure, and that is that the folks who flock after Gertrude Stein, to spend good time in listening to her empty, superficial maunderings, are without any question fools!

We can think of nothing more unfair than to blame Mr. Roosevelt for the triumph in the last election of such men as Curley of Massachusetts, Guffey of Pennsylvania, Bilbo of Mississippi, and Huey Long of Louisiana. Every flood sweeps along rubbish and debris; every subterranean upheaval flings strange and hideous monsters to the surface.

The late Ivy Lee, publicity adviser, had among his clients the Standard Oil Company, the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, the Russian Soviet Republic, and Nazi Germany. His was a great and varied talent.

Repeal is wonderful! Almost within sight of the first anniversary of the repeal of the 18th Amendment, Morgan T. Ryan, Registrar of Motor Vehicles of Massachusetts, says:

> Unquestionably, it is the prevalence, since repeal, of operating under the influence of liquor that is causing the big increase in fatalities. That is shown, in part, by the unprecedented rise of 37 per cent this year in convictions and revocations of licenses for drunken driving.

Of all those defeated in the late election, none so moves our compassion as Tom Mooney of California.

J. H. H.

Anna Louise Strong Writes from Russia*

I

Moscow, September 25, 1934.

Just back from a month's vacation in the Caucasus. First three weeks I spent in Kislovodsk.

August being the height of the season in Kislovodsk, with people sleeping in corridors, the best I could get was in a rather ancient sanitarium where I slept in the doctor's office—choosing this rather than a room occupied by three women who wanted windows shut!

A good time was had by all. The health resorts near Kislovodsk which had only some 6,000 visitors annually in pre-war years, have this year 180,000! Endless new sanitariums, many very swell ones, have been built. There are twenty more new ones under construction, and you should see the swellness of some of these, with great circular dining halls, glass walls giving one views in all directions and porches for every room for sun-bathing. Pretty nice equipment, but still pretty rough and ready in its handling.

I went on to Mt. Elbrus which beats Mt. Blanc by some 4,000 feet, being 6,633 meters high, i. e., 18,588 feet. Since Elbrus forms the boundary between Europe and Asia, the Swiss get out of it by saying Mt. Blanc is the highest all-European mountain! However, one climbs Elbrus from Europe. I didn't. I only climbed up the "Viewpoint," a mere 10,500 feet high, at the end of a 16 kilometer walk, making 35 kilometers in all and climb of 6,000 feet in one nice day—just to prove I wasn't superannuated yet! The Viewpoint, named "Krugosor," has two hotels on it which claim to be the highest "real hotels" in the world. Tell me, from Geneva, are they right in that? One of the hotels has twenty or more nice iron beds with springs and thick mattresses, and a regular cook and dining room. They were closing down the day I got there, which is why I had to return the 16 to 18 kilometers I had come.

Before the war the Russian mountains were climbed chiefly by British alpinists—the old Russians were a lazy lot. But this year they took some 365 people up Elbrus. Most of them were red army commanders; the army has a mountaineer tourist camp right at the base, and ran this year an "Alpiniad" in which 285 went over the top making a trail that you could follow blindfold if you had a good heart and legs. In addition to these some 80 tourists went during the season, chief casualities being frozen feet on people who didn't prepare properly. Also the scientific societies established this year a series of stations right up to the top and had people there all summer at various heights making weather observations, etc. and sending out radio reports from the peak.

All this still has its political effect on the folk of the Caucasus, many of whom have only begun to believe during the past two years that their sacred peaks have been trodden by the foot of man. Elbrus was one of the "untouchables," so the interests of "anti-religion" demand that it be conquered. . . This was even more true of Tetnuld, a peak not far away which was the sacred peak of Svanetia. By the old traditions no human foot might invade its snow-slopes; but the young reds of this generation intended to make its passes a highway to the world beyond and to use its glacial streams for water power. On the first exploring trip to its summit, the leader fell into a crevasse and perished, justifying the old men's shake of heads. Then the leader's sister, who had never climbed any mountain, and who was by tradition a more or less secluded eastern woman, decided to avenge her brother.

*These two letters were written by Miss Strong to her father, Sydney Strong.—Editor.

She trained up, and led the party that actually conquered Tetnuld, a peak lower but in some ways more difficult than Elbrus. . . However, immediately after this victory, a big glacier on Tetnuld broke away from its upper cliffs, and made a big black cleft in the mountain marring the eternal white. "Ah, ha," said all Svanetia, "see how angry the gods are at men who invade their peace." Thereupon the Proletarian Tourist organization decided to finish up this superstition once for all; they sent out a call for a crusade on Tetnuld, and stormed it in one season from every direction with a lot of climbers . . . apparently they have finished off its inviolability. This season the same girl alpinist took part in a raid on Ushba, whose name means the "Terrible," and which was never as sacred as Tetnuld but somewhat more evil in the spirits it harbored. Ushba is also conquered now.

The man in charge of the Intourist hotels near Elbrus, Vaviloff by name, is a club worker and writer; he told me of bringing the first movies to the Balkars a few years back. This whole region got its alphabet first in 1925; no previous written language. He said they broke his movie screen twice during the early showings, which carried a tale of a wicked count who oppressed workers and beat his wife, dragging her around by her hair. Once the men smashed the count when he was beating a worker, and once the woman smashed him in three places when he was dragging his wife around. To the protests of the showman, the Balkars answered: "But one cannot sit still before such an evil man; he needs a beating."

You should see the schools in this valley now; all the 120 kilometers to Elbrus every tiny hamlet had one building—the new school. Built chiefly with local funds raised by their new collective farms. The provincial government perhaps gives 200,000 rubles for a new school, but the farmer-herdsmen say: "But our school must be the best in the valley; here are 200,000 more to make a good one." The collective farms in this district, Kabardino-Balkaria, are among the best in the whole Soviet Union. They are also among the most unified in form, for every teacher, farm president, township party secretary and township chairman has been graduated from the same school, the Lenin Educational Townlet, founded ten years ago at the same time when they got their alphabet. At that time the people were so afraid of education that they had to start with orphans of red guerilla men, since no parents would send their children to the school; later they began to get children who ran away, or whom they "literally kidnapped or bulldozed parents into sending." This year there are nine applicants for every vacancy, and one of the accepted ones, who got typhus a few days before school opened, was so afraid he would lose his place that he walked 43 kilometers while suffering from fever, and after reaching the principal's office had to be taken off for two months in a sanitarium with the assurance that as soon as he was well, his place would be held for him.

II**

Moscow, September 26, 1934.

Regarding Buro-Bidjian, the Jewish district in Siberia, I'll try to get latest data as soon as I go out of the house. Meantime I know a few things. First, as you may remember, the Jewish population of Ukraine, where the Jews were hopelessly crowded in little towns without economic base, was given rights of settlement and lots of free land in various places of Ukraine and Crimea. I can't give figures; I visited lots of these farms, which got state aid in starting and are doing well. But this space was not enough, for Ukraine itself was fairly crowded.

So eventually recourse was had to Buro-Bidjian. This is the territory which before the war Zangwill and others financially backed by Rothschilds, tried to secure from the tsar for a Jewish settlement. They were even willing to pay a good sum for it, but couldn't get it. Of course now they got it free. Its advantage is that it is the only place in the U. S. S. R. where there is such a large extent of colonizable land right on a railway. As for the nature of the soil, I shall get that more definitely; I know it is supposed to be as good as any and better than most in eastern Siberia; which does not of course mean that it ranks with the black soil of Ukraine.

However, the northern districts of the U. S. S. R. have their own advantages; farming now is definitely moving north, for though the soil is not so good, the climate is more stable and less subject to drought. Also modern fertilization and modern deep ploughing are getting crops from these northern areas which year by year equal or surpass the south. I understand that Buro-Bidjian also contains a lot of rich timber, and considerable wealth in minerals and furs. I know Jews from all parts of U. S. S. R. and some from abroad have gone there; and I know they have hard pioneer conditions, of which the ones I meet from time to time seem to think that the worst is over.

As for being a buffer state between U. S. S. R. and Japan, of course that's absurd. It is an integral part of the U. S. S. R., with Soviet soil all around it. It does, however, lie far in the east, so that if Japan should seize eastern Siberia she would take in also Buro-Bidjian.

However, the Soviets have no idea that Japan could even begin to seize Eastern Siberia. They have spent an awful lot in fortifying the whole frontier, and are spending lots more in developing all sorts of industries, railroads, roads, etc., in the Far East. The Far East is developing proportionately, more than even the rest of the country and has, I should say, as good a chance of avoiding war as most of our wicked world. Certainly Palestine isn't such a good place to count on peace, nor is Roumania, Poland, or any of the European lands where Jews are. How about Germany?

The general feeling here is that the eastern front is less dangerous than the western—fronting a possible German-Polish-British combination some day. They think the east is pretty well protected and the Japanese are rotten airmen, while the Russians are among earth's best, and that, save for air, it's a long way across Manchuria to the good, solid fortifications of the Soviet border. But German aircraft are really dangerous, and even more so are German chemicals, and bacteria. I don't know what spot on earth is really safe today, for any of us, and especially for Jews. But one needn't imagine Buro-Bidjian worse than other spots.

Must stop. Might add about Buro-Bidjian, on religion. Of course you know that nobody "protects"

**This second letter was written in answer to inquiries about a Jewish colony in Russia. It had been reported that this colony was in poor soil, that it was intended as a buffer state against Japan, that no synagogue was allowed, etc.—EDITOR.

religion in this country, except in the sense that people who invade the religious assemblies of others and insult them, get thrown out and punished. Buro-Bidjian can have any religion it wants, but since its settlers contain many young people who probably prefer clubs to churches, I should imagine the folks who wish to divert local funds to building synagogues may not find it easy. However, I'll inquire as to whether any synagogues are moving out with the settlers. As you know, religion of all kinds is just not very lively in this country, its place being taken by very deep enthusiasm for building up a good life on the earth, and its theoretical discussions being largely superseded by political discussions. However, I don't care to convince anyone that American Jews should come to Buro-Bidjian. I don't think they should. Pioneer life is hard unless you leave something much harder. . . German Jews—if young, strong, venturesome—are a different matter.

Note: An article by Miss Strong on "Jews Return to the Soil in Russia," may be found in *Current History,* October, 1926, page 82.

Why Not Universal Wealth?

Mr. Upton Sinclair seems to have thrown a scare into some of us, by getting nominated on his modest proposal: To let the unemployed earn their own living in a cooperative way; produce their own food, clothing, etc., on farms and in factories now idle, and exchange the products. Where is the objection? Certainly the unemployed will have to be fed and clothed at great expense; and why not spend the money in putting them in a way to support themselves? A much wiser devotion of public funds, one would think. True, it would be cooperation; but as we all get our living that way, willy nilly, whether we know it or not, why get agitated? We are already a cooperative commonwealth in embryo; and what we are feeling for more or less blindly is a more perfect cooperation.

In fact, the signs of the times all point to Socialism as the next step in national housekeeping. What else can we infer from the well-known law: that the truth is always to be found at the focus of brickbats? As stated by a medieval scholar: "It is in the forbidden books that the truth is to be found." (i. e. The Index Expurgatorius). And as our economic index rules out Socialism, Communism, their brothers, sisters, and aunts, we know where to look. But it is even worse than that, or better. Socialism is already here in embryo. Society is an imperfect cooperative; and what we are striving for more or less intelligently is a more perfect cooperation.

It was this fact that surprised the conservative Bismarck into the exclamation: "We are all Socialists!" However, the embryo is still far from the Socialist objective: "The public ownership and democratic administration of the principal means of production and distribution." A Cooperative Commonwealth with every man a co-partner. A nationalized Trust System with one hundred and twenty million stockholders. The abolition of wage-workers in favor of property owners. Universal Wealth, in short.

A good model is furnished by nature herself with her air-and-sunshine trust, whereby in these two commodities, we are all multi-billionaires. A similar treatment of all other commodities in a world-cooperative would put poverty in the museum of antiques, along with the orthodox machinery of the Inquisition. Nature has already voted for cosmos; but human nature —not yet. Our economic cosmos is still embryonic. However, the law of our being is cosmic, like nature's. As stated by Marcus Aurelius: "We are made for cooperation; like hands, like feet, like the upper and lower teeth and eyelids." Recalling Paul's reiterated maxim: "We are members one of another." As a matter of fact, the primitive Christians were communists; as stated in the Book of Acts: "They had all things common"; and they so continued well down into the Christian era, as witness the monasteries and other communistic institutions within the church, which itself is all unwittingly one of them, even to this day. How the church lost sight of its economic objective is a long story, and we must content ourselves with the hint: that the red-herring trail of village theology always leads away from brass tacks.

And now once again the church is rediscovering its past and moving leftward in its economics. In fact, the quarrel between Christian ethics and capitalist economics is so obvious and flagrant that it is difficult for the church to look itself in the face these days, while the welkin still rings with the Old-Roman-Capitalist slogan of "Woe to the vanquished!" Meanwhile we are left without excuse for playing the fabled ass and dying of starvation between two bundles of hay. Not that anybody intends it. Mr. Hoover himself intended just the opposite, with his confident prophecy that we were on the eve of abolishing poverty. Wherein we may cordially agree with him, save as to the means.

Yet capitalism was not the worst ever. It has done wonders with an imperfect instrument—a poker-game, styled "competition," which was certain to get all the chips stacked up on one corner of the table, "after which there is no game," as ruefully remarked by one of the sad winners. No, the game is stalled; and as we are all poker-participants in spite of ourselves, we must make up our minds to take the consequences or change the game. The "depression" is the most natural thing in the world. It is nobody's fault. It is the legitimate fruit of the game. As for business recovery by loaning chips all round, poker fashion, and dealing a fresh hand, in hopes the luck will change, all that is natural and human. Americans are born pokerites; and what can we expect but an honest effort to rehabilitate the game?

That, if we reflect, is the honest idea the world over, outside of Soviet Russia: to cut the cards and deal again. Our Fascist neighbors, with all their faults, are merely trying to save capitalism by making it march, along with everything else. It was either that or Bolshevism; and what could they do, poor things, when political democracy spelled the defeat of Capitalism? We Americans are not yet confronted by that dilemma. Both Labor and Capital are one in loyalty to the poker-game; while Socialism and Communism are nowhere, in our favored land. Nevertheless, it is natural and inevitable that Capitalism, seeing the writing on the wall, should make an honest effort to stagger the game back onto its legs, as Mr. Roosevelt is most loyally endeavoring as a perfectly good Capitalist. If he succeeds, he will at least have given us a breathing-spell,

in which we can set our house in such order as poker permits of, without any social convulsion which may come in spite of us, as it did in '76 and '61. At the very least, we should expect an effort to head off the catastrophe, if possible; for even now it is increasingly evident that Capitalism is nothing less than slavery; certainly for the working nine-tenths of us, and no less for the owning one-tenth. As Wendell Phillips put it: "Follow the chain that is riveted to the leg of the slave, and you will find the other end riveted to the wrist of the master." In the same connection is the remark of Alexander Hamilton: "He who controls my living controls my life." (A variant of Shakespeare's dictum: "You take my life when you do take away the means whereby I live."

These are no mere sentiments; they are facts to be reckoned with, in a world-economy which has robbed the working nine-tenths of their tools, to say nothing of their property rights in the world we live in—the creation of none of us, but the property of a handful! Capitalism is slavery—we are just waking up to that unpleasant fact. Not that any of us intended it, but it is none the less wished on us as a hangover from the jungle game of competition. Otherwise, poker. Otherwise, war, the game of life, as Plato declared:

> That which men ordinarily call "peace" is nothing but a disguised form of war. Go into any city in the time of the profoundest peace, and you shall find a secret war going on.

Later in the day came Henry H. Rogers, most intellectual of American business men, and founder of the Plutocratic Socialism, known as the "Trust System," and blurted out the same thing: "Business is war; and war is what General Sherman said it was."

But courage, brothers! Here in the admired example of the Trust System is a way out for good Americans. Steam-rollered as we are by Big Business, and licked to our knees by an organized handful, the Genghis Khans of industry, why not, "ride to battle horsed on the logic that overthrew us," as advised by Emerson?—unless, of course, we prefer our present estate of more or less willing slavery as dumb, driven cattle, in defiance of Longfellow? What is so good and patriotic for Big Business why should we disdain? Or what Big Business repudiates—to wit, the poker-game—why should we hang onto in the name of "Liberty," when Saul also is among the prophets of the Cooperative Commonwealth?

These and similar yeast-cakes are now leavening our lump. Plato is with us, and likewise Henry H. Rogers. In fact, I heard a conservative brother exclaim the other day to a bunch of conservative ministers—myself included—"We are stalled at the gates of Utopia." Between two bundles of hay, we choose neither. In short, we are learning that poverty is disagreeable, unnecessary, and absurd; nothing less than a disease, in fact; a sort of economic asthma. Why tolerate it? Individually we do not. We fight the disease as best we can—by fighting each other, till what time we may discover "a more excellent way."

Wealth, on the other hand, as currently understood, is precarious, burdensome, and ungraceful as the "barrel" which the old-fashioned American broncho carried on his person against a rainy day. Naturally, in this rotund condition, he was the chosen prey of coyotes, wolves, and all predatory animals, especially when he got too fat to run and too cowardly to fight. A more graceful form of wealth would preserve our youthful figures and native charms, making every man an economic Apollo Belvedere and every woman a Diana.

To "own the earth" is held up as a reproach to the ambitious American; whereas in fact, it is a thoroughly praiseworthy instinct which is already gratified by the rich man, of whom Confucius remarks: "The rich man is everywhere welcome." To which we might add: "And everywhere at liberty." The freedom of all cities is his, with all servants, human and mechanical, at his beck and call. In view of which advantages, Emerson inquires: "Is not this demand to be rich legitimate? Yet I have never seen a rich man. I have never seen one man as rich as all men ought to be."

And why not, if all men, or only a few, would cooperate to that end? "We are stalled at the gates of Utopia." Universal wealth is under our noses; but what happens? We shut up the Cooperative Commonwealth, even as the Pharisees who shut up the Kingdom of God. We neither go in ourselves nor let any one else go in. Or perhaps we monopolize it, like Standard Oil and General Motors? In any case, we play the economic dog in the manger. Our poverty is self-created; and so we turn a feast into a famine.

Arriving at which impasse of the fabled animal, he of the long ears who is apparently our economic father, our next step is to look for a scapegoat, like poor Mr. Fall, or the unfortunate Mr. Insull—both innocent lambs led to the slaughter by the fans of the poker-game, all exclaiming: "Go ye, heroes, go to glory! Go—get the money, and we'll forgive you anything. That is, except getting caught. In which event—woe to the vanquished!" Well and good: they took us at our word; and we didn't do a thing to them. The truth is, "If justice were done, who should scape whipping?" as Shakespeare idly inquires. In fact, we should have to arrest the whole United States. Exactly what has happened, by the way: the arrest of America the Beautiful by that super-policeman, the depression. And yet we wonder why! The game, my friends. The humorous game of draw poker, whereby the chips are periodically stacked up on one corner of the table, thanks to marked cards and cold decks, manipulated by astute pokerites. You had no gift for poker? You held no hand? What is that to me? This is the game; and he that believeth not shall be damned.

Hence, in despair of other scapegoats, we fall back on human nature, which never changes, God be thanked, says the poker-fan. Ah, but stay! Human nature seems to be capable of any old game whatsoever, diabolic or angelic. If you doubt it, go look at human nature in good society, our one perfect institution, as W. D. Howells points out. There, at any little picnic, you shall see angels ascending and descending with ice cream *et ceteras*, in honor preferring one another, as advised by Saint Paul. It is really the only society that works; and it is no wonder that some of us begin to inquire: "Why anything else?"

Not that "business," which is the resumption of hostilities by economic foemen worthy of our steel, is altogether devoid of graces and humanities—as far as these are practicable. I may dislike to destroy my brother in competition for a pulpit or a pie factory, and destroy him just the same, if it is his life or mine. Or maybe we have a happy thought and inquire of each other, like General Motors: "Why should we quarrel, when there is more money in a combine, to say nothing of the decencies, humanities, and securities of coopera-

tion? Of course we shall have to compete with Henry Ford and other lone wolves of the poker-game; but that is their lookout. We do our part for the brotherhood of man."

Evidently human nature is capable of more games than one. The Red Man's game was a sort of communism; our own game is far more cooperative than we are aware, and is full of Socialistic or Communistic institutions, like the public schools and libraries, the state universities, the post office and municipal ownership, the communism of the home and the church. Russia is now engaged in a thorough-going version of the Cooperative game; but as already seen, all nations are imperfectly cooperative, with large economic groups going over to the cooperative principle, without waiting for the nation or the city to see the light. What wonder that cities, states, and nations should follow suit with municipal and national ownership? In vain is the pokerite wail anent the loss of liberty. The average man, with nothing to lose but his chains, will fail to see wherein his liberty is impaired by buying-in to Standard Oil or General Motors, even though he should buy in by the million. As things go, liberty comes by ownership. The owner is the free man. Controlling his living he controls his life; while he that owns not even his job is an inevitable slave. We all admit this by setting up "Independence" as the goal of economic liberty; and the modern problem is: How to achieve it for all? Obviously, by universal ownership. The Great Cooperative, to match Nature's air-and-sunshine trust.

"What, beat Nature?" you say. "Or even equal her?" "But yes, of course!" as a Frenchman would say. We have beaten her in so many ways, why not in one more? We turn rivers out of their courses, move mountains, ride upon the storm, talk with the lightning, and put a girdle around the earth in forty seconds—going Shakespeare's Puck one better. We put Job's unbeatable beast in the zoo, poor fellow! We wipe out diseases, once the lords of creation. It is difficult to think of the black death as our one-time overlord; yet so it was; and now we call it "poverty." But that disease too will follow the black death when cooperation shall have had its perfect work.

This is the revolutionary principle, conquering and to conquer: cooperation versus competition. Peace versus poker, or war, if you prefer the symbol of General Sherman and Mr. Rogers, to say nothing of Plato. There are other witnesses in the Bible; but as every one knows that religion has nothing to do with business, why quote them to a Christian world? However, Christendom may be interested to note: that along with the cooperative revolution will come a revolution in character; a shift of emphasis from the predatory to the neighborly instincts. Recollect, the chief cause of the enormous emphasis on the predatory instincts is that thereby we get our living. Tooth-and-claw, up-to-dated, is still the weapon wherewith we fight the battle of life; but with the perfecting of the new weapon of fellowship, the old weapon goes into the discard.

Even now, looking back, we begin to discover that the real scapegoat is not Fall or Insull or Dillinger, or any of the bandits, but the bandit game in which they played and lost, but from which not one of us has escaped unscathed. If all the lives that have been thwarted, twisted, mutilated, and ruined by the jungle-game of competition could stand up in judgment against the monster, they could a tale unfold—of temptation to greed, avarice, stinginess, cruelty, cowardice, servility, fraud, peculation, violence—murder itself, with every known treachery and prostitution. In view of which temptations, the wonder grows that any decent trait of human nature could survive the game that puts a premium on success at any price. Even now humanity can barely restrain its contempt for man or woman who considers anything whatever but "the Bitch-Goddess, Success."

It is not contended, of course, that the Cooperative Revolution, now advancing throughout the world, is not open to criticism which, in fact, it could never do without. Like every instrument, mechanical or social, it will be criticized into something far more radical, or efficient, to use the same word with a more popular meaning—precisely like the oil-pump, first and last. At first a crude, common pump, this instrument was rapidly developed into something more radical, till it became what we see it now: a marvel of efficiency. And social inventions must follow suit, till we have achieved something as radical, passionless, and automatic as nature's air-and-sunshine trust.

Of course, people will tell us: "Such ideas are wholly impracticable." But not so. "Impracticable" ideas, which nature and civilization itself are full of, exert a gravitational pull. These are the stars to which we hitch our wagons for super-power, what time they get a move on. It is even possible that we may go nature one better, seeing that we have already done it time and again. For example, nature, for all her air-trust, has not yet got rid of "air-hunger," otherwise known as asthma. It is up to us, and the doctors.

Meanwhile, the need of cooperation is already so crying that "the violent take it by force." The Fascist idea seems to be that Capitalism alone can save society; and a bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing. Therefore, rally we the faithful under the Fascist banner, and make Capitalism sing—and Bolshevism walk the plank. How simple! How logical! How convincing! Only, what was poor little Socialism doing all this while? And poor little Bolshevism? Nothing, apparently, but fighting each other and relying on "Democracy" and other obsolete counters in the game of revolution. Not so did Lenin and Lincoln play the game; for don't you see, my friends, that a slavocracy, confronted by defeat at the polls, will turn and fight like a cornered rat; and unless you want to get licked, you know your course.

It is as simple as all that—so the Europeans have found it, precisely like the Americans; and whether the latter are to have another round at it remains to be seen. Possibly we shall evolute quietly into the butterfly of the present chrysalis; though even so, one seems to remember some grim scripture about the "birth-pangs." You may be ever so optimistic about birth till it comes to the birth-pangs; and then it looks as if the twilight sleep for nations in labor were yet to be invented. Possibly Mr. Roosevelt has invented it? If so, a nation in labor would do well to swallow the dose, rather than go through the old-fashioned agonies of another American Revolution.

Speaking of which, revolution of some kind is inevitable, if not already here. Even Fascism, friend of Capitalism, is a move to the left—not from choice but from necessity, with the Bismarckian policy to cure the Bolshevist bite by the hair of the dog. The people must and will be fed; and the old competitive principle,

having proved its incapacity to achieve anything but victors and vanquished—the legitimate fruit of the war-game—there is nothing for it but Capitalism must be made to march; and in so far, it has lost its liberty and become semi-socialized. But American Capitalism is under the same necessity. It must play the social game, or the people will have none of it; and those who look to old-fashioned revolution as the shortest way out could ask for nothing better than that business continue to play the bandit, coldly surveying the shambles of its latest Armageddon and inquiring, after its kind: "Am I in business for my health?"

At this point we note: that the same man or woman who would applaud President Roosevelt or Policeman Clarity for rushing into a burning house to rescue a baby, would do nothing but denounce Roosevelt, or Clarity, for attempting the rescue of fifty millions of people, burning in a jobless hell! Because, don't you see, it costs money! *Our* money, to effect that rescue! We are not asked to go personally into the flames of the aforesaid hell to snatch brands from the burning: we are asked merely to do it by proxy; by contributing a few chips apiece out of our poker-winnings. "Too expensive!" we shriek. "It will cost us—nobody knows how much!" Very likely, fellow pokerites; but believe me, we shall have to pay it, one way or another; and lucky for us if we do not have to pay with our blood. And once you begin to pay that way, "Verily, you shall not get out till you have paid the uttermost farthing."

However, the penalties of Revolution are not yet at our door, overloaded as we Americans are with what the dean of our poets calls: "The long, long patience of the plundered poor." And we of the fortunate classes may hope to get off with nothing worse than high taxes, as long as Mr. Roosevelt, or any President and Congress, shall make an honest effort to rescue the perishing. Otherwise, the worm will turn, precisely as in America, France, England, Russia, Germany, Italy, India, China—the round globe, in short. It is a law of nature. The ancients called it: "The wrath of God." And they added grimly: "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him." Fear it, ye chip-stackers, who love your winnings not wisely but too well.

Be that as it may, and let the jungle game go on till the end of time, the outcome would be the same, yesterday, today, and forever. The economic battlefield would still afford the usual spectacle of victors and vanquished. The American heaven is the Nordic Valhalla, with all of us gloriously drunk and fighting. And the outcome? "Woe to the vanquished!" "To the victors belong the spoils." "Let Moab be your washpot." Such, according to the Capitalist press and pulpit, are the finest fruits of Christianity, as exhibited by politics, business, and religion itself! This is the "liberty" for which our fathers died, and the truth that makes men free!

Nevertheless, as Plato warned us, the upshot of war is victors and vanquished, masters and slaves, owners and disinherited; and of course, the owners will rule. Under every form of government, he tells us, the owners of the property will wield the political power. Therefore, if the people would rule, let them own their livelihoods. Own and rule!—such is the people's slogan. Some of us, without waiting for the crowd, will achieve our liberty under this banner; but it is a crippled liberty at best, which it is a shame to enjoy, in sight and sound of slavery. However, crippled or not, it may still be used to promote the general freedom, after the manner of Washington, Jefferson, or other strange bedfellows that a revolution makes. And today the argument holds good: Why should the wealthy do nothing to promote the Commonwealth? The educated promote education, which was once a monopoly. The strong promote strength. The wise promote wisdom. The beautiful promote beauty. The free promote freedom. Shall the rich be the sole exception, and promote nothing but poverty? So we are taught, by precept and example, even from the pulpit, with its garbled text: "The poor ye have always with you." In the name of political economy, as yesterday in the name of religion, we are invited to be neo-Calvinist angels, whose holiest aspiration is to sit on the battlements of heaven and spit tobacco-juice into hell.

Or if we prefer a more flattering symbol for our financial elect, and call them: "The first-born of many brethren," why not? Why should not wealth be a prophecy, rather than a plum, lifted from the pie of prosperity by Jack Horners, exclaiming: "What a good boy am I!" It is up to us, the working nine-tenths, who have the ultimate say-so; and why not, when it is we that do it all—the head-work and hand-work? As noted by Emerson:

> The seamstress' wax,
> The woodman's axe,
> These pay the tax.

Even now all power is with the workers, the minute they realize it,—with the working nine-tenths who do everything, create everything, and own little or nothing. The people is the mother lode, the source of all inventions, arts, sciences, captains of industry, and big fortunes. Every day they fight a great battle for the preservation of the race; and to the victors should belong the spoils, should they not? Yes, but the lion's share goes invariably to the owners, a hundred miles back of the firing-line, "safe in the rear with the loot in their hands," proclaiming to an admiring world of trench warriors: "We did it." Oh, certainly, we pushed a button and said: "Go over the top! Waiter, hand me that cocktail!"

In short, nothing is farther from the American worker than fellowship with his kind, sense of power, or any particular use for the technique: "United we stand." On the contrary, divided we fall into cliques, castes, and cabals, according to our winnings, each climbing over the other to the heaven of Neo-Calvinism. Once there, among tobacco-juicing angels, we can eject spiritual food at the damned in the cuspidor and applaud our performance. Such is American salvation.

The weak point with the working nine-tenths, now and always, is their failure to recognize their common interests and mutual obligations. They have no solidarity. With nothing to lose but their chains, they are as far as ever from uniting, in spite of Karl Marx, the Gospel, and the rudiments of common sense. Even the minister, supposed to be "selling" the truth that makes men free, is oftener than not "the chaplain of a pirate ship," as Bernard Shaw sees it, and is selling the black flag. The workers, like the rest of us, are pokerites, satisfied as anybody to win on a pair of deuces and a bluff, like Mr. Jim Hill, himself an admired worker of the public confidence, and a recent shedder of his overalls. And, "Oh, my!" says Amer-

ica. "There's a man for you! Now, Johnny, why can't you do something like that?" Oh, why indeed, unless we get caught, like poor Mr. Insull or Mr. Fall?

Well, well, nothing venture, nothing have. We are Americans; and our heaven's gate is wide open to him who comes, bringing his sheaves with him, and bearing aloft a banner with a strange device: "In this sign conquer !$$$$$$"

As for the ornamental one-tenth of us, it is not enough. The nine-tenths should also be ornamental, and less harrassed, bothered, bullied, fleeced, and multifariously enslaved. It is bad for both ends and the middle. There are other reasons, but these will do. It is not proposed to abolish butterflies, but to give other wings a chance.

Why not universal wealth? Clearly there are more reasons than one that keep us out of the great inheritance; but we might sum them all up in the familiar phrase: "Old use and won't." The habits dating from the water-drop, and the game that goes back to the jungle are not so easily outgrown; yet man has outgrown them in a great measure long since, and is making constant advances toward the warless world foretold by his Messiahs. Show him a Promised Land and his exodus is not far away. For human liberty, therefore, nothing is more practical than a vision; an open door; a prospect of amelioration. With the discovery of gold in California came the gold rush. When America was the Land of Promise, it threatened to depopulate Europe. And once humanity is assured that the cooperative world is an Eldorado—that brotherhood pays—the tide of immigration will set that way, as Father Taylor said of Emerson in hell.

It will be objected, of course, that as a matter of fact, the spectacle of neo-Calvinism is already abhorrent to human nature; as witness the daily largess, poured out the world over in the great name of charity. But, alas, it will not do. It is pouring water into a sieve; and "He that feeds men serveth few." The only radical remedy is self-support in the modern, cooperative way; to put everybody on the work-roll and pay-roll of the more-perfect union. If wealth is to be a prophecy, and not a badge of the universal shame, we must be prepared to say, what we have already said of education:

The best for everybody! Whatsoever good there is in the world, let us make it universal.

FRANKLIN K. GIFFORD

Trumpets on New Horizons

Complacency

We gaze on children hunched in warping mills
While grown men plead for work, and are denied;
We watch the breadless moping hungry-eyed
While granaries bulge with corn that wastes and spills;
We follow lords who plot the hate that kills,
And sell their wares, and strut in silken pride;
We hear the councillors, Pose and Stealth, decide
False tonics for a bleeding planet's ills;
We view the dollar-cropping hordes at strife,
The feud of class with iron-fisted class,
And States prepared with sabre, noose and knife—
Each against each, and all against the mass!
And then we shut our eyes; and, smiling, say,
"Lo! Mark the progress of the world today!"

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Winnowed Row

Through our opulent young land,
Stalking, ghastly hand in hand,
Despair and Hunger—there they go!
Age-old spectres, to and fro,
Falling on what winnowed row
Of futilities, *we* know.

They are eating what we sow.

Vessels shattered in our haste
Fling the nation's wealth to waste.
Age-old spectres, to and fro,
Despair and Hunger—there they go!
They must feed on what we sow—

Fill them up on want and woe!

ALICE FERRIN HENSEY.

Judgment

He lived on earth in a house of wealth,
  And spent his life in play,
But when he reached St. Peter's gate,
  He heard St. Peter say:

"You've had your heaven on earth, my son,
  Enjoying selfish ease,
But the poor were living in sordid huts
  And left to starve and freeze.

"You never thought of a neighbor's loss,
  When all with you was well;
I'll send you back to be born again—
  To live in poverty's hell!"

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS.

Pacifist

I fought a war and slaughtered dreams,
Then left them steeped in crimson streams . . . .
But should there come another war
I shall emerge a conqueror;
For I shall have more strength of will—
Refuse to fight—refuse to kill!

FANIA KRUGER.

War Throb

The measured beat of marching feet!
Trek on toward foul and flooded trench,
To roaring, shrieking guns, and stench
Of parts of men, and soaking mud,
As red as a blooming poppy bud,
Alive on fields of death and heat.

The measured beat of marching feet!
The orphaned child, the empty chair;
The bitter heartaches, blank despair,
As mothers labor in the heat,
That boys and girls may live and eat,
When hearts are breaking, hope a cheat.

The measured beat of marching feet!
And now return the wounded men:
She searches every load again—
No legs, no arms—a vacant stare—
A mind shell-shocked for life—le guerre!
And sighs of breaking hearts repeat.

The measured beat of marching feet!
Our boys, our youth are marching now.
With shadowed fear upon the brow,
She pours through columns—"missing, dead,"
She searches every line with dread;
And still that grim and measured beat.

GRACE FRENCH SMITH.

Coal and Calico

The mining and marketing of coal has always been considered a man's job. From the time the hardy geologists penetrated the mountain home of coal to the present ineffectual attempts of government to solve the problems of this most recalcitrant of industries, it has worn pants. From the moment the coal digger hoists a lump into a squat coal car to the time that same lump is consumed and the ashes carried to the city dump, it is masculine sweat which is poured into the black crucible.

There might as well be a sign posted, "Women Not Wanted," for it is only an occasional saleslady in a company store, a stenographer or a clerk in a dealer's office that is of the female sex. Women resort to prostitution, early marriages among whites and common law marriages among blacks. Thus, it is surprising, if not epochal, to have women suddenly step to the front of the coal picture, their white silhouette standing out distinctly against the dark background, for coal has been one of the blackest and most difficult of all industries.

First, a woman inherited her father's coal business in Colorado and laying aside all the preconceptions which ruled her father and other women's fathers, she set about running her company on the basis of common justice and decency. This meant doing the natural thing of dealing with the organized miners and entering into a contract with them on wages, hours and stipulations regarding the various conditions of work. It branded her among other coal operators and caused her to be suspected and ignored by the Denver press. Yet she continued to operate her mines and sell coal when others were harrassed by labor difficulties. The story of this woman, Miss Josephine Roche, now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, has just been told by another woman, Mary Van Kleek, said to be one of the outstanding authorities on coal in this country. Through the resources of the Russell Sage Foundation, she has not only told the story of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, but has assembled in her book, "Miners and Management," a series of charts and graphs dealing with the entire bituminous problem. One section of the book is given over to her ideas on what the ultimate solution must be.

Preceding her book is another—one which has had and will have a much wider reading because it is a romantic tale and was selected as a book of the month. It is called "I Went to Pit College" and it records the woes of a youngster just out of college as she advances single handed into the no man's land (certainly no woman's land) of western Pennsylvania. There she not only encountered the squalor of typical company coal camps, but she was catapulted into the midst of a three-way labor war—operators against miners and left wing miners against right wing miners. Those who go to "Pit College" along with this "freshie," graduate into a sober minedness and into a knowledge of conditions which newspaper headlines can never convey. High powered cars go too swiftly through these eyesores of American landscape for anyone to derive much comprehension of what goes on in the classrooms of "Pit College," and few ever get into the smaller valleys where isolation makes the deprivations all the more intense. Merely a glimpse of a man in rubber shoes, with carbide light in his cap and lunch bucket under his armpit, can never reveal the tragic side of his life. Lauren Gilfillan, the one who took a short course at the "college," takes one into the mine, into kitchens of homes, into labor halls and places of amusement. She gives a pathetic story of the miner without quoting a single statistic or dragging one through the mass of details which usually go with a college course. One would like to hear what she thinks of the faculty—the managerial side of the mine, but they are just like the men everybody sees every day and knows about. Her book is a romance of herself—the romance of young America courting realism in its starkest sense, and in turn, being courted. Jealousy and suspicion are there, for another young woman like herself, an organizer for the Young Communist League, poisons the minds of erstwhile friends.

There are many young women, avowed socialists and communists, who are boring into the vein of miner conservatism and putting in the explosives of modern revolutionary doctrine. They do not mask as boys and go into the mine as did this "writer from New York," but they are alone concerned in tearing the disguise from the capitalist system. Helen Kay, the young woman pictured in Miss Gilfillan's book, writes a letter to the *New Masses* in which she shows that the new student at Pit College took too short a course to know what it was all about.

Other women have gone to the coal field, not to write what they saw or not to engage in radical propaganda. In the first years of the depression the Society of Friends sent a small army into the coal fields of the Southern Appalachians to carry relief—first to children, then to nursing and expectant mothers, and then to anyone—anyone who was destitute. Discovering that rehabilitation and not merely relief was the ultimate solution for these miners who would never mine another ton of coal, they established handicraft industries in abandoned coal camps which have proven to be forerunners of the new homesteads established under the NRA. Just as Herbert Hoover was interested in the child feeding, so Mrs. Roosevelt is giving support to the rehabilitation and beats a path between the White House and the Reedsville, West Virginia, homestead.

The story of women in coal must include the miner's wife—taken by him to the marriage altar when under twenty, giving him almost a child a year, a patient, barefooted toiler for him in kitchen and hillside garden. She knows what it is to stand in line with her husband's scrip card at the company office window, draw two dollars in scrip and spend it on groceries for her large family. She knows how to sew and launder in order to make the living wage actually live. And she knows what it is to see a husband or a son come home maimed or in a box. As a widow, she may squander the compensation or she may use it wisely in getting the children through school, but in the end her reward is small for her social contacts are few and she becomes a recluse—even sending the older children to the company store for groceries and perhaps snuff. The miner's wife sometimes leaves home on other journeys than merely visiting the old home place. Not long ago, in Illinois, ten thousand of them marched to the state house in Springfield and presented demands of the auxiliary. Agnes Wieck, the president, led the well-ordered march of white-dressed women with their white headbands, banners and music. Ninety-three-year-old Mother McKeever led one delegation—driven to it by having a drunken deputy flash his light in her bedroom window

and fire off his gun. In describing this march, Mary Heaton Vorse pointed out that the auxiliary stood shoulder to shoulder with the men and even had its own list of victims—at least one woman was shot and killed in her own home by a gunman.

Whether a woman stays patiently at home canning blackberries gleaned from over the hill beyond the tipple and slag heaps or whether she joins in a march to the Governor, she is indispensable to the solution of the problem. Eventually she is going to demand birth control knowledge and a decent place to live. Inured though her husband may be to ugliness and discomfort, she can never tolerate the kind of home life which the average company coal camp provides. Steeped in the lore of popular magazines and conscious of the superior advantages of the women who live on "the lot" and have running water, she is ambitious to improve conditions. She wants to move nearer the center of the camp where her daughters will be more marked, and she wants her son to get one of the skilled jobs in the mine. The page for women in the United Mine Workers Journal is given over largely to home hints and clothing styles, and this inchoate urge for something better will provide a drive to union members and officials in their struggle for power.

Some day the miner's wife will know more about the story of Josephine Roche. She can derive inspiration from seeing one of her own sex manage a coal company and go down to Washington to sit in the coal hearings and make codes for the men. Although she may not like to look at charts, she can at least get the significance of the fact that this woman's company through cooperation with the labor union local was able to make a profit of $49,000 in 1932. All six mines averaged 191 days as compared with 126 days worked in all other mines in the State. Furthermore—and every miner's wife can comprehend this—the average daily wage was $6.79 or $1,650 a year. Mine efficiency was such that 3 tons more per day on the average were mined by Rocky Mountain Fuel miners than in all other mines in the State. It is clear why the State Federation of Labor should pledge their support and gratitude and why competing operators of the State should begin to deal with the union even before the NRA sun rose over the Rockies.

Miss Van Kleek pointed out in her book that any theory of social change must have its laboratory experiment, and she adds that the Roche company has provided just this exhibit "A" for the coal industry. She contends that nationalization, or more accurately, socialization, cannot come in coal until this occurs in other major industries, but there are many things which can be done immediately. Without waiting for the millennium, operators, she believes, might follow the example of this woman. It is evident that the government has gone as far as it can under the law, some operators think further, and it is now up to the operators to accept a reasonable profit and to the unions to develop a wise leadership.

It would be strange if the coal distress should be relieved by women—those who have been told to stay away from the mines. One superstition has been so strong that it has come down to the present day, that if a woman goes into a mine during working hours there is sure to follow a serious accident of some kind. But she has gone in, openly or disguised, and she has pitted her feeble strength against this juggernaut of industries. The woman who reviewed the "Pit College" book in the New York *Times* called it "a powerful indictment against a nation's spiritual torpor." That is what women have traditionally done—galvanized the spiritual life of the race. What Florence Nightingale did for war waste, what Elizabeth Fry did for prison derelicts, a group of women today are surely doing for the fearful costs of coal.

HAROLD P. MARLEY.

The Study Table

The Hasidic Anthology*

Dr. Louis I. Newman translator and compiler of Hasidic Anthology was for six years Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, San Francisco, after being associated with Rabbi Stephen S. Wise in the Free Synagogue. He is now Rabbi of Congregation Rodeph Sholom, New York.

John Haynes Holmes says of this book "Rabbi Newman has made permanent an invaluable addition to the wisdom literature of mankind" and this is probably as eloquent a testimony as can be paid to this immense volume of parables, epigrams, witticisms, aphorisms, anecdotes, proverbs, interpretations of religious ceremonial, fables and ethical *obiter dicta* which have been builded since the 18th century around the religious cult founded by Rabbi Israel Ben Eliezer, immortalized as the Baal Shem Tov, and which is known as Hasidism.

What a book to review! It would be utterly impossible to even introduce examples of the wisdom gems, which the compiler of this Anthology has arranged under 205 headings or even to list the headings. Valuable as is the compilation itself to pulpiteer, teacher, sociologist, psychologist, psychiatrist, and all to whom human relationships are vital, the introduction adds a virile and profoundly interesting contribution to the literature of mysticism.

This is Dr. Newman's own original and eminently worth while gift to the elucidation of the folk lore of his people and right eloquently and tenderly withal does he clarify the values of the Hasidic contribution to Jewish ethics.

To cull from this essay is in itself a difficult task but your reviewer's awareness of the fact that he is attempting humbly to introduce this literature, rather than to review this book in the accepted sense, to a Non-Jewish constituency, would fain reproduce one or two excerpts.

The first chosen is an Exposition of Hasidism as Dr. Newman sees it.

> The movement of Hasidism is one of the most remarkable manifestations of the religious spirit in modern times. Humble in origin, it has won for itself the increasing attention and appreciation of scholars and the general public, and it is today the subject of enthusiastic study and comment in rationalistic circles of Western countries. Its chief emphasis has been upon a sense of mystical ecstasy in the communion of God and man; upon the joyful affirmation of life; upon compassion, charity and love; upon democracy and brotherhood between the rich and the poor; and upon the moral values of the religious system.

*The Hasidic Anthology. Tales and Teachings of the Hasidim, by Louis I. Newman, New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 720 pp. $5.00.

Hasidism is Judaism with particular points of interest, emphasis and practice; it is a free and intensely emotional expression of Judaism adapted to the common people. Out of the experience of multitudes of Masters and Disciples for nearly two centuries has emerged a vast, many-sided and fascinating literature, from which it is possible to cull masterpieces of spiritual and ethical insight. Hasidism is more than a cult; it is a culture. While it has its unique message, it is as complex and varied as the life and outlook of the millions who have been its adherents. How it came to be a special movement within the domain of Judaism is one of the most compelling themes of Jewish historical and literary research.

There follows an erudite section on The History of Hasidism which includes the discussion of much literature on the subject, section on Epochs of Hasidic development in the period of the 18th and early 19th century until 1815, the second the period embracing the 18th and 19th centuries when the movement reached the heights of its outward success.

Following this comes the brief study of Israel Baal Shem Tov, his environment and his aims.

Then comes a section on the oral tradition of Hasidism and then another on the written tradition. Following this there is an especially interesting study of Hasidic literature which must assuredly be of value for endless time to religious students, Jew and Gentile, professional and lay.

Maybe one of the most important of the sections in this introduction, in itself an opus to the Non-Jewish Scholar and Layman is that on, "Jesus and the Besht —Hasidism and Christianity." A brief quotation is timely here:—

The chief difference between early Christianity and Hasidism lies in the absence among the Hasidim of a political interest: the ideal of the Messiah plays a role in its teaching, but no single personality was selected to whom adoring Disciples attributed the title of Redeemer. The career of Jesus in this respect must be compared in Jewish history to the activities of the Pseudo-Messiahs, such as Moses of Crete, Abraham Abulafia, David Alroy, Sabbatai Zevi in the 17th and Jacob Frank in the 18th century.

Sections on leading Disciples of the Baal Shem follow, Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlar, 1772, 1810, and a list of famous Zaddikim as these followers were called.

There is a stimulating and fascinating discussion of the literary style of Hasidic tales and sayings. The section on the message conveyed by the tales and teachings of the Hasadim may be summarized in the following quotation:—

The utterances of the Hasidim are replete with wisdom; they breathe loving kindness and mercy; they exalt the inwardness of faith far above mere ceremonial piety. They display a moving relationship between the Master and the Disciple; they commend the virtue of charity, and the duty to practice it; they endeavor to illustrate the vanity of human possessions, and the importance of spiritual and moral values. They enjoin the rich to abstain from pride of wealth and the powerful not to vaunt themselves in their might. They link the individual with the community, with the people of Israel, with humanity and with God.

A statement of the immediate source books for the Anthology suggests further study to those vitally interested and finally the introduction ends with an admirable exposition of the purpose of the volume.

We are making this Anthology available in a desire to enrich the homiletical literature of American Jewry and to display to English readers some of the masterpieces of Hasidic wisdom, little known outside of Europe. We believe that American preachers ought to welcome the illustrations and quotations this Anthology presents. Inasmuch as the Hasidic stories have survived several generations of re-telling and have therefore stood the test of time, they have particular value for preaching. They have been utilized by influential Folk-preachers or Maggidim and therefore have demonstrated their homiletical fitness. We believe the material can be employed bodily and almost verbatim, by preachers, if desired. . . .

We are of the opinion that in addition to Jewish preachers and speakers, Christian ministers will appreciate the extraordinary attraction of these tales and sayings, for reasons which we have already noted in our discussion of the relationship of Hasidism and Christianity, the Besht and Jesus. Hasidism has made notable gifts to Jewish life: it has enriched Hebrew lexicography with a new and varied terminology for the dissemination of its own concepts among the people; it has created fables of rich and exquisite quality; it has endowed Jewish mass-religion with a vitality and motive-power which has by no means abated. But, above all else, it has brought into being a new "Ethics of the Fathers," the influence of which is destined to persist throughout the coming centuries, far beyond the boundaries of Israel.

If the Ethical Concept can be understood the one excerpt from the Anthology itself your reviewer would quote has timely application, nay, maybe it coincides with the cry from the depths of Karl Barth:—"That beyond the wreck of nearly all we have toiled for and partly because of that wreck, there will come a new insight, a new vision of reality, a new awareness of God."

Once in a year of drought, the price of food had risen high, and there was general suffering. Several Hasidim who visited the Kotzker Rabbi on a Sabbath, wished to receive his farewell blessing and leave for their homes, but the Rabbi refused to permit them to depart. The Rabbi's wife inquired why he held them over at a time when inn prices are prohibitive.

The Rabbi replied: "The reason food is high and learning is cheap is because everyone demands food, but few are anxious to learn. Let people care more for study and less for food, and you will perceive that food will be cheap and learning expensive."

To the debt of gratitude which religious scholars and laymen alike of all creeds owe Dr. Newman for his Anthology itself and for his scholarly introduction is added the obligation for the fine Appendix on "Writings in English on the Hasidim." An invaluable Bibliography in itself, for the additional Bibliography of books used in all languages, and for the marvelous Indices of Biblical Verses, Biblical personalities, Talmudic works, Etc., Etc., and for the wonderful index of Topics, Titles, Etc.

In all a remarkable Anthology, unlike any extant and for which the sincerest thanks of his people and of countless others outside of the Jewish group is due the learned author.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Men and Memories

One's first impression of this book* is that the author has chosen a rather peculiar group of men for his ten biographical sketches. Here are four preachers (Horace Bushnell, Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, and Washington Gladden), a novelist (Anthony Trollope), a physician (Dr. S. Weir Mitchell), a scientist and educator (David Starr Jordan), a business man and philanthropist (Peter Cooper), and two statesmen (Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln). The list includes one Englishman (Trollope), among nine Americans. It opens with a great figure of the eighteenth century (Franklin), and closes with "the greatest man of the nineteenth century." What is the principle of selection here? What is the standard of measurement?

A casual reading of the informal, chatty, and thoroughly delightful pages of the book would indicate that Dr. Brown has chosen his heroes on the ground

*"They Were Giants," by Charles Reynolds Brown, New York: MacMillan. $2.

of nothing more serious or pretentious than his own personal enthusiasms. This is frankly, if somewhat apologetically confirmed by the author himself in his Preface, wherein he states that his "selections have been determined largely by (his) own interest and preference." Perhaps, he adds, with witty play upon a familiar phrase of the church ritual, he has followed "too much the desires and devices of his own heart." Four of his subjects are men whom he himself knew personally, and his tributes to these are palms of gratitude for "gracious friendship." The other six he has made his own by lifelong study of their words and deeds, which have stirred enthusiasms and granted inspiration. All ten he thinks of as "giants"—not that they were necessarily the greatest among their contemporaries, in which sense Lincoln alone qualifies, but that they were "strong and good" and thus a mighty and beneficent influence in their time.

I made test of this volume by first reading the chapters which deal with the two men whom I had the honor of knowing, Edward Everett Hale and David Starr Jordan, and a third whom I met and reverenced, Washington Gladden. All three stood the test. These men were indeed "giants," built on big lines, moving in large spaces, heroic in mental, moral and spiritual stature. Dr. Brown catches them to the life. A hundred phrases, a dozen characteristic stories, reveal the intimacy of his contacts and the sureness of his insight. Though dead, his friends yet speak in the living overtones of reminiscence which enrich the simple, informal and inevitably incomplete statements of fact in these slight sketches.

Equally warm and glowing with devotion are the chapters about Horace Bushnell, pioneer theologian and distinguished public citizen, Phillips Brooks, incomparable preacher, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, wise and tender physician. Ample justice is done to Peter Cooper, who in the age of "the robber barons" accumulated a fortune without sacrifice of moral principle, and then lavished it in the service of mankind. Something more than justice is done to Anthony Trollope, though Dr. Brown's argument that his hero was the best of the Victorian novelists, better than Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot, shows that his conviction is not a prejudice but a considered judgment. The chapters on Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln are unsatisfactory in the sense that they are more formal than the other sketches in the volume, obviously more remote, and in essence mere summaries of familiar material and traditional judgment.

Dr. Brown's spirit throughout his volume is that of appreciation, rather than of criticism. Characteristic experiences and dramatic episodes take the place of any well-rounded biographical narrative. A didactic purpose, not forced, is yet always present. The author has "especially in mind . . . the younger people" to whom he would offer these "ten men as patron saints of the full and radiant life." To these, and to others who are not ashamed of enthusiasm for the good and great, this book is cordially commended.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Prince Eugene and His Times*

Prince Eugene, beloved of Mühlbach, Macaulay, and *Henry Esmond,* takes his fantastic way across an eighteenth century stage well-created by Paul Frischauer for his tumultuous advent. Dashing back and forth in frenzy, harking on his war dogs to their awful work, he holds the eye and catches the breath—and even when, at curtain bow (having, with Marlborough, achieved no more than destruction of that gorgeous fabric erected by Louis XIV), this little squinty plunderbund rather seems to understudy Jonathan Wild the Great, his enormous innate genius, plus his demoniacal fascination, compel irresistibly our unwilling applause. Some rapid survey of his life and times as here presented, is not inapropos; and shall follow forthwith.

Sired by such an equivocal source as Cardinal Mazarin, French hammer of the Hapsburgs, Eugene of Savoy, destined in turn to be the greatest scourge of France, takes the stage as a sound Machiavellian conqueror, animated (almost possessed, indeed) by thirst for revenge against the omnipotent Sun King—under the shadow of whose awesome splendor he had squandered his quasimodo youth and received a crowning insult. Louis' Napoleonic war of Devolution has just been triumphantly concluded; and that most puissant sovereign is on the eve of his still more Napoleonic conflict with Europe for the Spanish Succession, when Eugene enters upon his career as commander in opposition, fresh from service under the Emperor at the deliverance of Vienna by Sobieski. His strategy perfected upon the plains of Hungary, then, his will steeled by years of suffering, Eugene now turns against his quondam sovereign his hard-won ascendency over Caesar; and, at this juncture, the whole might of Austria is hurled by this vengeful little monkey into the coalition formed against France —what fills the remainder of the drama is the political history of Europe for over a quarter of a century; one long pageant of battle-tide, lyrical, colorful with Turkish scimitars and loud with European ordnance, carrying all before it from Louis' dramatic declaration, "The Pyrenees are no more!" through the hell-lit holocausts of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, down to the hour when the Sun King, shorn of his halo, with Eugene's heavy hand upon his shoulder, signs a treaty foreswearing forever all his dreams of world empire. Needless to say, this colossal revenge was not consummated alone: Marlborough and England stood behind the *revancheur* in his hour of victory; but, after all, the hour is his. At this moment Eugene postures his plainest: audacious, determined, ruthless, calculating, haughty, benevolent, furious, compact of indrawn reserve, steeled to eternal revenge yet capable of a world-weary magnanimity as astounding as his will-to-power. And then the world vanquisher, the crusher of the infidel, dissolves within the philosopher of time and space, receiving Leibnitz in his ivory tower, brooding immeasurably over infinite horizons. A strange man and a strange spectacle! Throughout the whole eddies a Dumasesque cast of characters, amongst whom are recognizable Mazarin and his nieces; Louis XIV; Fouquet; Colbert; Louvois; Lyonne; Montespan; Maintenon; Kara Mustafa of Turkey; Victor Amadeus of Savoy; Marlborough; Law; Liebnitz—yet but one specter remains to haunt the onlooker after *finis*: the "dwarfish form," the "small keen eyes," the "mask-like face," "the voice, dry and hard," of Prince Eugene, greatest of eighteenth century plunder captains, and incomparably the most fascinating figure of an entire spectacular epoch.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*"Prince Eugene (1663-1736): A Man and a Hundred Years of History." By Paul Frischauer. Morrow, 1934. $4.00.

Correspondence

Seattle's Church of the People

EDITOR OF UNITY:

A Seattle group which is making itself felt as a force for clear thinking and radical action along religious and economic lines is the "Church of the People" organized last spring by the followers of Fred W. Shorter, who was ousted from the conservative Pilgrim Congregational Church.

Readers will recall the rumpus which received nationwide notice because of its dramatic character. The struggle between the reactionary and revolutionary forces in the church came to a head with the painting on the walls of a large Sunday School room of radical murals depicting modern crucifixions and capitalistic oppressions. It came about at the ouster meeting, that the reactionary and progressive forces of the church were aligned in a stark and unmistakable manner. By the presence and speeches of prominent business men, the conservatives succeeded in getting rid of Mr. Shorter.

Fifty of Mr. Shorter's followers immediately rented the Repertory Theatre, organized the Church of the People, and since then have held regular Sunday morning services and open forums—the forum being at 12:30 o'clock, with an inexpensive luncheon. The attendance has been very satisfactory.

One significant feature of the church is that applicants really "apply" for membership, and must sign a statement recognizing the inherently unchristian character of the profit system and pledge to work for its abolition. Capitalists need not apply!

The organization, now numbering about two hundred and fifty, is exerting a remarkable influence on the community. From it came the "Commonwealth Builders" pledged to use political methods to end poverty in Washington. The Commonwealth Builders supported the left-wing Democrats in the election and succeeded in electing a radical block to the state legislature that will cause the old-time Democrats no end of trouble. They have been fiercely and hysterically attacked by the press of the city and state as "wreckers," "communists," "Russianizers." They are a force to be reckoned with during the next two years. The executive board of the Commonwealth Builders is controlled by members of the Church of the People.

The presence of this radical religious group, which has not hesitated to enter the political arena, is a standing challenge to other churches in Seattle. Members of these other churches feel the pressure to be more outspoken in their condemnation of the profit system, and are encouraged to be more radical by the uncompromising stand taken by Shorter's group.

Especially is this true around the University of Washington (having 8,000 students), where the new church is located. Observers look for a tightening of the reins on the campus because of the new President, Paul Sieg, who has already expressed himself publicly sympathetically with reaction. A new students' organization, ironically calling itself the "Pathfinders" has been formed to combat "communism and radicalism" on the campus. The Church of the People is almost certain to be involved in a struggle during the coming winter.

The minister, Fred W. Shorter, is a Yale Divinity man, who saw service overseas with the Canadians, and who came back a pronounced pacifist. He is undoubtedly the most radical preacher in Seattle. His sincerity has never been questioned, and his ability to draw the issue clearly so that no one can miss it is acknowledged by friend and foe.

The career of Mr. Shorter and the Church of the People will be watched with interest. It reminds one of the remarkable career of Community Church, New York, with which it has many marks in common. Mr. Shorter believes that every "city needs the push of radical religious idealism—Seattle more than any other city on the Pacific Coast." His address is 3207 Franklin Avenue, Seattle.

Seattle, Washington SYDNEY STRONG.

P. S.—On Armistice Sunday, I went to the Church of the People, with services at 11 a. m. in the Repertory Playhouse, which is located within a stone's throw of the Campus of the University. The auditorium was filled—and with one of the most devotional congregations in the city. Seldom have I witnessed a more moving, dramatic appeal for Peace and against War—from the beginning to the close. Mary Farquahason (just elected State Senator) presided at the piano. It was interesting to note that the pulpit and the big chair for the preacher are painted red. This was startling—but I can think of no reason against the use of red—which seems to be rather common in God's garden of the world.

And, that sermon on "Who Wants War?" Really a masterpiece—in which the preacher made out that as a matter of fact—everybody wants war and prepares for war. It was also startling to see down in the front seats over a hundred ex-Canadian soldiers—but the Soldier was not spared, neither the mothers, nor the wives, nor the sweethearts. All are guilty.

The international character of the services was very stimulating and startling. Near the beginning there came from the curtain two small Japanese girls, who played exquisitely on violin and piano. A little later came out six charming Chinese girls (in their own costume, of course,) and sang the Anthem of the Chinese Republic. A little later four husky men of Labor came out and sang the Internationale. (The pastor remarked he had never heard it before. This is doubtless the first time this has been used in a church service.) Then a grand looking Russian woman appeared and sang from the Russian musical portfolio. After that—preceded by appropriate prayers and scriptures— who should come forth but a prince of a man in appearance—a Negro, who sang as only Negroes can sing, "Down by the Riverside. . . We'll study War no more!" By this time the congregation was almost choking with emotion and would have been ready to go out and hold meetings around the recruiting boards at the Federal Building, which with enticing pictures and words invite young men to come and see the World, in Adventure and Action—and what should appear? Eight strong, young men, seen through a thin curtain of gauze, which made them look like spirits, and they sang "Who Goes There!" You know the Song —the ghosts of millions of men, who were slain.

The whole service moved me so much that I said to Mr. Shorter, "That service ought to be repeated in every large city from here to Boston—with the actors. Or, if not that, then put it on every Sunday night, from now to the New Year, or, over the radio. I advise those interested in such services to write for a copy.

S. S.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 122)

mails and therefore over the press. Radio is inevitably subject to public regulation of the limited wave lengths available.

The passage of the Administrations Communications Bill putting control over the radio and wire communication under a new commission may result in a thorough overhauling of our present entirely unsatisfactory radio set-up, through reassignment of wave lengths to break up the present monopoly and with some guarantee of easier access to the air by minority groups.

Control of motion pictures by federal agencies has also been agitated. A bill presented to Congress was so strongly fought that it did not come out of committee. But the motion picture code under the NRA offers an opportunity for federal control not contemplated by those who oppose political censorship through law. While the code does not yet censor films, the power to do so is obviously there, and the insistent public demand for cleaner films may well invoke it.

The treatment of minorities under the New Deal has shown considerable improvement. Aliens have fared better; the American Indian has been given a new charter of freedom by restoring his lands and tribal governments; progressive steps have been taken in freeing colonial peoples from imposed American rule; and even Negroes under a Democratic administration have received unprecedented attention.

Despite the severely restrictive laws against aliens, the Department of Labor has liberalized its regulations at those points where laws do not interfere. The secret service section of the Department of Labor was abolished; alien students in colleges and universities were permitted to get work to help them through. For the first time in over ten years, radical aliens have been permitted to come to the United States as visitors. Two well-known Communists, Tom Mann and Henri Barbusse, were permitted to conduct lecture tours against war and fascism. Emma Goldman, deported anarchist, was allowed to return to visit her family and friends and to appear upon the lecture platform. A citizens' commission appointed by the Department to overhaul both laws and regulations, made specific recommendations for liberal measures which, however, were not introduced in Congress in time for passage. Deportations on political grounds have diminished. Lawless methods by agents of the Department of Labor have been firmly dealt with.

All of which is not to say that the New Deal has achieved a really liberal policy toward aliens. The bars are up. Congress is thoroughly restrictionist. Political asylum is denied to hundreds of bona-fide refugees from Fascist dictatorships. Congress has moved only to extend asylum to reactionary Russians, who after recognition of the Soviet government, might now be deported. The inquisition into prohibited political views and beliefs of all incoming aliens and of aliens resident in the country still marks the law.

Topics for the Conference

Obviously the time has come to put pressure on Congress and on the administration to make good those professions of belief in liberty voiced by the President last spring in a radio speech in which he asked for evidence that anyone's liberty had been abridged. We propose to answer that challenge by discussing the particular issues and measures at the Washington conference on December 8 and 9. Here is the tentative program of subjects and proposed remedies for discussion:

Opposition to any effort to curtail the rights of labor to organize and to strike; and particularly to compulsory arbitration and anti-strike tendencies; effective enforcement of government orders requiring elections and compelling collective bargaining; against the recognition of company-controlled unions.

Radio: The policies of the federal government in regard to freedom of the air; censorship by station managers; need of recognition by law of provision for public discussion and educational programs; reassignment of wave lengths; consideration of setting up publicly-owned stations.

Press: The relation of the Newspaper Code to organization of newspaper employees and recognition by their employers. The Post Office Department censorship of the mails under the obscenity and birth control statutes and an unrepealed section of the Espionage Act; and a proposal to apply to the post office the same system of jury trial for excluded matter as is now in effect for the Customs Bureau.

Motion Pictures: Opposition to the proposals for federal censorship of motion pictures either through the Code or by creation of a new authority; opposition to the state censorship of motion pictures; control to be left exclusively to the industry, to agencies representing the audience, and in extreme cases, criminal prosecutions.

Inclusion of farm laborers and share-croppers under protective provisions of the Codes, to give them too the right to organize and bargain collectively.

A federal anti-lynching bill applying to any victims of lynch mobs, but affecting chiefly Negroes. Consideration of provisions for Negro workers in industries in relation to their exclusion from trade-unions.

Aliens: Amendment of the immigration and deportation laws to eliminate exclusion based upon mere opinion, and to require substantial acts as a basis for deportation or exclusion. The right of political asylum for bona-fide refugees. Naturalization of aliens without discrimination against those holding opinions which citizens may legally hold.

Colonial Peoples: Civil forms of government for the Virgin Islands, Samoa, and Guam; control of education by natives; no interference with movements for independence.

Indians: Support of further administration measures to restore to all Indians their tribal lands and autonomy.

Additional subjects under these main heads may be suggested by any organization participating. Speakers will be invited from government departments, from the House and Senate, from organizations participating, and among citizens qualified to speak on any one of these topics.

Address all communications to
John Clayton, Secretary,
532 17th St., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Alcoholics in England, 1934

A personal friend of mine, a leader in the temperance work of Great Britain, has recently written me: "The whole position is encouraging; but the United States has let the temperance world down badly."

Lord Dawson, the King's physician, when speaking in the House of Lords regarding the trend of alcoholic conditions, said that increased sobriety is a result of "the culture

of fitness which is now appealing to all classes." Men, to keep fit, must cut out alcohol.

The fact that some English life insurance companies offer better terms to total abstainers is thus explained by a noted actuary: "I can not help people dying. Those who don't drink don't die so fast."

Increasing attention is being given to the appeals of noted coaches and captains of athletics in the high schools and universities of the United Kingdom. Beer is no longer a staple contribution to training in boat races. Wines and spirits are forbidden. Leaders in mountaineering, skiing, shooting, motoring, swimming protest that alcoholics must be tabooed.

Here are a few statements:

Jack Hobbs, the marvelous cricket player, has declared: "The greatest enemy to success on the cricket field is the drinking habit." Captain W. W. Wakefield, of football fame, says: "If you take alcohol you cannot be fit."

Statistics available to date indicate—remember one pound about equals five dollars of our money—that the drink bill for Great Britain in 1933 was £224,845,000, as against £232,500,000 in 1932. This lowered expenditure was due to the decrease of three-fourths of one pence tax, per pint of beer, 1933. The reduced price has created a larger consumption of all kinds of drink, resulting in a total increase of over five per cent of absolute alcohol. Drunkenness has increased. The consumption of milk in England and Wales is less than the consumption of beer. Yet last year the farmers received a gross income of £32,500,000 for their milk and only £5,000,000 for barley and hops sold to the brewers. The cry that beer helps the farmer seems absurd in England. Is this so in the United States?

Since the 1933 reduction in the tax on beer, and the increased sales caused thereby, brewery shares on the Stock Exchange have advanced in price; the market value of shares has increased 48 per cent. But along with the reduction in the price of beer comes the announcement from the Home Secretary (member of the Cabinet), "that the convictions for drunkenness in the Metropolitan Police District, London, in 1932, were 12,619, while in 1933 they were 14,990." The brewers are again enlarging their wealth at the expense of the poor and weaker portion of the population.

English temperance workers make use of big and gay posters. One reads as follows: "We spend about £232,000,000 yearly on drink and only £80,000,000 yearly on bread, and £78,000,000 yearly on milk. 'What fools these mortals be. (Shakespeare).'" Another poster, quoting Sir Josiah Stamp, the eminent English economist, when testifying before the Royal Commission on Licensing, said: "The transfer of one-half the expenditure on drink, to children's food, better home conditions and savings would mean in one generation an additional national asset of £1,000,000,000."

Canon Tanks, of the Church of England, has published valuable and interesting instructions to confirmation candidates. He says that abandonment of intoxicants is included in the promise to renounce, "the devil and all his works, . . . and all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Again he declares, "No one can practice Christianity who is weak, soft, indulgent."

The writer of this article, after many visits to England, can bear personal testimony to the fact that the use of intoxicants in England is not as prevalent as it was years ago.

"Blood Money," is the title of an open letter addressed by Isaac Foot, M. P., chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, to Sir Edgar Sanders, Director of the Brewer's Society. The letter is a comprehensive arraignment of a speech made June 15, 1933, by Sir Edgar, wherein he said: "The chief customers of the public house today are the elderly and middle-aged men. . . . Unless you can attract the younger generation to take the place of the older men there is no doubt we shall have to face a steadily falling consumption of beer." Again: "We want to get the beer-drinking habit instilled into thousands, almost millions of young men who do not at present know the taste of beer." In the same speech he suggested securing editorial support for the trade by practically bribing the public press through the medium of extensive advertising. £250,000 is to be expended in this newspaper propaganda. Is this not like the situation in America today?

Our British brethren are strong on exhibitions. The Alcoholic and Civil Life Exhibition held in London, May, 1934, was a great success. It represented cooperation of different national groups, and was intended to combat the brewer's huge advertising campaign. A very suitable vacant premises in the West End of London was utilized. Detail in temperance work is never omitted. Thus, the Temperance Council of Churches is preparing a new series of lantern slides and lectures for children. There is no hiring fee.

This Temperance Council of Churches is well supplied with four presidents, namely, the Archbishop of York, (Church of England), the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, (Romanist), Dr. W. F. Lofthouse, Noncomformist Churches), and General Higgins, (Salvation Army). The "New Campaigner," (quoted above), post 3 pence, is its official organ. Another paper, "The International Record," 2 shillings per annum, published by the veteran worker, Guy Hayler, also presents much valuable information of international value.

The brewery and whiskey interests are international. Scotch and English beer and whiskey advertisements constantly appear in American magazines and newspapers. "Rum Row" still exists. The patriotic youth of America will doubtless enter the lists on behalf of righteousness and God.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN
Denver, Colorado.

Editor Sydney Strong Traveling East

Sydney Strong will be in Chicago, Nov. 24-28. Address, care UNITY, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. Will reach New York, Dec. 3. Address, care Community Church, 550 West 110th Street. New York City. He is prepared to speak on "Observations at Geneva and Moscow—and the Pacific Coast."

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